Unreal

Go Betty Go

It's you I wanna hear Nothing more to please my ears Our moments go back in time As I sit here watching TV So please just come home straight to meTell me that you'll be okay I'll fight my tears while I must wait Just come to me and I'll hold you tight Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good timesNothing is real Nothing is realTwo weeks have passed in all your cell phone still rings when I call I imagine that you'll be fine Reassuring myself all the time While this feeling of grief leaves me blindTell me that you'll be okay I'll fight my tears while I must wait Just come to me and I'll hold you tight Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good timesNothing is real Nothing is real

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